

My Valentine by kunoichihihatake

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Summary:

a lil thing i wrote for valentine's day (:

My Valentine

It was Valentine's day -- the worst day of the year, in your opinion. Watching other couples drool over each other all day was in no way your idea of fun, and the fact that you were still in the closet didn't help that. You had told no one your secret yet -- not even your best friend, Nancy; especially her, since you had a huge crush on her.

But today, you decided, you would make your move. You knew Nancy was straight, so you dared not pursue a relationship with her, but you figured an anonymous valentine on her locker would go a long way. Plus, this Valentine's day fell on a Friday, so you were going to stay the night with her and make sure she enjoyed herself instead of crying over her last dumb ex-boyfriend. (You never liked him, anyway.)

That was how you found yourself taping a heart-shaped piece of red paper on Nancy's locker at 7:00 that morning, no one else in the school to witness your crime. Though it looked like it had been made by a kindergartener, you would proud of the note, and especially of the small poem you had enclosed inside. Either way, Nancy would be happy, you figured; whether she laughed at how sad the note was or just enjoyed it.

It was 7:39 by the time Nancy arrived, and you casually made your way over to her locker as you did every morning, pretending you had just gotten to school a few minutes ago. She walked up, ponytail swinging behind her, wearing the cutest pink sweater that she had bought at a store when the two of you had gone shopping over winter break. You recalled that day fondly: the two of you giggling, darting through the aisles of the shops, trying on clothes together...

"Hey, y/n!" Nancy grinned at you as she walked up. "Happy Valentine's day."

You beamed back at her. "Happy Valentine's day, Nance." She stopped in front of you, realizing the note taped to her locker.

"What is this?" She gently peeled the note off her locker and read it, her pink lips mouthing the words as you watched. You swore you

could hear your heart pounding, threatening to leap out of your chest.

Nancy looked up at you after a moment, a grin sneaking its way onto her lips. “Do you know who left this?” You shook your head and swallowed nervously. Nancy, however, didn’t seem to notice your nervousness, and instead slipped the note gently into her bag.

You swore, even after the two of you had left her locker and gone to class, she was still smiling.

“It’s a good movie, Nance.”

“I cannot sit through four hours of *Titanic* tonight, y/n.” Nancy laughed, shaking her head. You two were curled up on her living room couch, sharing a big bowl of popcorn and a fuzzy heart print blanket.

You laughed. “Fine, what do you suggest we watch?” Nancy shrugged, popping another piece of popcorn into her mouth. “Great suggestion, Nance.”

“I mean, my parents are out for the night, Holly is at our grandparents’, and Mike is staying with Will. We could watch whatever we want.” She shrugged a bit, and you saw a smile creep onto her lips once more.

“Well, what do you suggest we watch, then?” She shrugged again, and turned away, looking off to some phantom in the distance. “Nancy, what’s going on?” You gently took her hand in yours, and she turned her head suddenly, her big blue eyes staring into yours.

“Y/n, I knew you wrote that note for me. The one on my locker this morning.” You felt your face burn. She knew. Oh god, what were you going to do? “It was really sweet, y/n, really, but... I don’t need you to leave me notes to make me feel better about breaking up with Jonathan. I’m fine, really.” She smiled widely at you, though it didn’t reach her eyes. “I don’t need fake admirers to cheer me up when I’ve got the sweetest valentine in the word.”

“Nancy, it’s not that, it’s...” you trailed off, not able to meet her eyes.

She squeezed your hand gently.

“Then what is it, y/n?” She said, almost in a whisper. You shook your head. You had screwed up, you couldn’t tell her, she would never talk to you again... Nancy let out a breath and moved away from you, and your heart fell. Yup, you definitely screwed up. You stared at your hand, left out in the cold, and tried to keep the tears from falling from your eyes.

You suddenly felt a soft hand raise your chin gently, and you found yourself looking into her beautiful eyes once more. Nancy was smiling, holding up a conversation heart. You squinted through your tears to see what it said:

Kiss me .

You looked back at Nancy in disbelief, and she moved in, pressing her lips to yours. They were soft and sweet and everything you had wanted for what seemed like eternity. After a moment, Nancy pulled away, looking into your eyes once more.

“Happy Valentine’s day, dear.”